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for the Duke of Ormond. They are elaborate productions, displaying exquisite skill and delicacy of touch.

Baptiste had two sons and one daughter. The latter was married to Blain de Fontenoy, the disciple and imitator of his father-in-law. Of the sons, one, Antoine, inherited his father's talent, and was elected a member of the Academy in

1704. The other travelled in Italy, where he became a Dominican monk, and adorned the walls of his monastery with tolerably good pictures, representing scenes in the life of St. Dominic. This is all we know of Baptiste or his family. He died in London in 1699.



HYACINTH, NARCISSUS, CLEMATIS, ANEMONE, TUBEROSE, PRIMROSE, TULIP, AND HONEYSUCKLE. FROM A PAINTING BY MONNOYER.

#### A ROADSIDE INN.—FROM A PAINTING BY ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

THE history of Dutch painting presents us with a group of artists who devoted their energies to subjects taken from humble life, who found their models in the roadside inn, and exercised their genius in the reproduction of village fêtes and cottage homes and the haunts and habits of the peasantry. Among this group David Teniers stands the highest; sometimes, indeed, he exaggerates and borders on caricature, but at the same time exhibits great power of humour and bold

and effective design. He excels not in the higher branches of his art, but is truly great when he pictures the clowns of the low country, whiling away their time with dice, beer, and tobacco, smoking short pipes with an air of inconceivable comfort, and listening with amazing relish to a man playing on the violin. Brouwer was also justly celebrated in the same department of art. He painted all manner of scenes from tavern life—drinking, dancing, quarrelling, smoking, fighting,

playing at cards, or settling with mine host. When he exaggerates he seems to do it without effort, and the most mirth-provoking pictures of his pencil—the solemn gravity of the boor lighting his pipe, the vain attempt of the peasant to hide his uneasiness while under the hands of the village barber—are perfectly natural and true. The jovial tavern-keeper, Jan Steen, is noted for the same cheerful view of common life; he gives us the same jolly boors, regaling at the same sort of beer-houses, finishes with the same detail, copying with the closest attention brass pans, and earthenware, and well-thumbed cards and drinking-cups, uniting with his artistic skill all the elements of genuine comedy. And among these faithful delineations of rustic scenery and peasant life, the two Ostades are deservedly recognised—Adrian, the eldest and the most celebrated; and Isaac, sometimes called the king of light and shadow.

To the career of this latter painter we have before referred—how he was born at Lubeck; was sent when very young into the low countries; received instruction from his brother Adrian; travelled to the banks of the Zuider Zee, and settled at Amsterdam, “where he attained,” says one of his biographers, “the summit of art.”

The engraving which we now present is from one of the well known paintings of this master, and represents a “Road-side Inn.”

A country cart has stopped before a village hostel, and without alighting, the driver is refreshing himself with a comfortable draught, the hostess having brought him forth a pitcher of the strongest brew; three or four neighbours are lounging round the cart, an old man sits on the top of a tub with a dog half asleep at his feet, while the fowls from the poultry yard are picking up blades of scattered corn. The scene is very simple, perhaps vulgar; yet the eye rests upon it with pleasure. The painting is a Flemish picture more than two hundred years old, but its charm has not departed—its beauty and freshness still remain! Why? Because the picture is true: it awakens happy thoughts of bygone scenes, calls up old memories deep and tender, and we regard that episode in village life, that simple group, that rustic quietness, with pleasure, because we have somewhere looked upon what might have been the original of the picture. The grateful shadow of those tall trees, the picturesque beauty of the roadside inn, its swinging sign, its thatched roof, the creeping plant that climbs upon it, the company of villagers, the still water, the reeds that grow up long and dark upon its margin, the trees far away, over which the village spire is peeping, and the lowing kine driven forth to pasture, all combine to make the picture interesting to the observer. It is not simply what

it represents, but the pleasing sensations which it awakens within us. There is poetry in the whole design, poetry that belongs to all time, that does not represent a particular period or a particular place—not a burgomaster of the sixteenth century, or a street in Amsterdam—but that reproduces nature, and nature never grows old.

One might draw a nice distinction between the two words—*truth* and *reality*. They are not to be accepted as synonymous. Modern painters have sometimes confounded them, and the result has been a school of Reality, the disciples of which have copied nature, line by line, and have failed to be true after all. They have represented things as they are: have not brought either judgment or taste to bear upon their study, but have been content to reproduce nature under aspects the most common and inartistic. They have toyed over trifles, have been diligent students of minutiae, have forgotten the beauty of the garden in the animalcules on one of the leaves, have overlooked the majesty of a river in the close imitation of the prism-coloured dew-drop, and in many instances have sacrificed all the true essentials of art to an unnecessary exactness in these minor points. This may be real, but it is not what may be emphatically called true.

Truth in art enters into the grandeur of the whole design, and into the poetry of nature. It looks for effect and not for detail; it admits choice and preference, and allows the judgment to be exercised in the selection of subjects, and the taste in arranging them. The artist is not content to represent every object as it presents itself to him on the first glance; he regards them in the most favourable light, uses discretion in the grouping of his figures, and at his pleasure introduces this tree and omits that. He claims the privilege of the poet, and artificial in the means which he employs, is true in the result which he effects.

This is not a subtle disputation about words,—it is the expression of two systems; one produced Titian and Raphael, and the other the lowest painters of the Flemish school. The students of the “Realistic” school paint as though nature was always beautiful alike, as if the mission of the artist and that of the photographic camera were the same in their end and purpose, and as if a picture was to be produced by an exact transcript of nature without choice and almost entirely by hazard. But the true mission of art is higher and better and nobler than this. Art supposes that its devotee should possess something more than an ability to execute—that he should have tact to seize only on those subjects most worthy of study, that he should accept or reject at his will, and that he should reproduce upon his canvas those images only which merited to be transmitted to posterity.

## BURNET.

We have on more than one occasion remarked upon the fact that pictures are at once expressions of the thought of the artist and appeals to the feelings of the spectator. And yet a picture does not fulfil its office when it leaves nothing untold. If there remains nothing for the imagination to shadow forth for itself, nothing for the mind to ponder over, it is little better than mere imitation. It is one of the highest triumphs of genius to convey all its meaning while expressing only a part of it. How successfully this has been done by many of our own great artists we need not say. Wilkie has taught many a solemn lesson, and written many a piece of humour rich and pathos deep upon his canvas. There may not be any great variety of detail in the scene he pictures,—it may be one of humble life,—but there is a moral in every line, that he who runs may read. What a sermon lies in his “Young Postboy!” What warning, instruction, and tenderness in the confusion of the lad, and the anxious look of his grandmother!

The picture, an engraving of which is before us, is another of those which suggest its meaning with beautiful distinct-

nese; but only suggests it, and leaves all the rest to our own imagination. Let us see what it tells us.

There has been a long and severe storm on one of our coasts. For days the sea has been fretting itself against the rocks in impotent fury. Seaward, a sierra of foaming waves, black clouds, and driving rain. At intervals, vessels have been seen in the offing, tearing madly through the storm under doubly reefed topsails, and those on board must have been bold hearts if they did not shudder as they looked towards the land, that loomed upon them so frowningly, so sternly. All along the grassy brow of the cliffs, white wreaths of foam lie like woolpacks, or are swept inland to disappear on some flooded field. Great bundles of sea-weed are found on all the paths by the shore, lying where the sea cast them from it in its fury. The eagle, whose nest is in the cliff, screams hoarsely and savagely as she leaves it in the morning, and more savagely as she returns at night, for this tempest is even more than she can enjoy. There is nobody stirring abroad, the fishing-boats are hauled up high, though not dry, upon the beach; every house in the village has its door shut



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